

The Times-Dispatch

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THE TRUTH ABOUT SUFFRAGE

We have more than once said that the Conference for Southern Education ought really to be called a Conference for Northern Education, and the several conferences which have been held have been greatly instrumental in opening the eyes of Northern leaders to the true political situation in the South. Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the Outlook, has done splendid work in bringing the facts before the readers of that influential publication, and one of the best articles that we have seen is contained in a recent issue of that publication.

The article is entitled "Negro Suffrage in the South," and in it the writer outlines the various suffrage plans in Mississippi, Alabama, South Carolina, North Carolina, Louisiana and Virginia. After taking up each of the plans in detail, he sums up the whole by saying that in all the Southern States any negro who possesses a limited amount of taxable property, about \$300 worth, assessable value, and can read and write the English language, can vote; in three of the Southern States any negro who can read and write the English language and has paid his poll tax can vote, although he may not be the owner of taxable property, and in three of them he can vote if he owns taxable property, even though he cannot read or write.

In none of the Southern States, Dr. Abbott tells his readers, is a negro legally disqualified from voting because he is a negro; in none of the Southern States he is disqualified if he possesses \$300 worth of property and gives evidence of his ability to use intelligently the English language. In short, Dr. Abbott says that so negro showing evidences of competence, by his possession of a very limited amount of property, and by ability to read and write the English language, is permanently excluded from the suffrage in all of the Southern States. And he tells the Northern reformers that before they consider the question what they ought to do to rectify the wrong supposed to have been perpetrated on the negro race by the Southern Constitutional Convention, they certainly should understand carefully what the wrong is and how far time and education and the establishment of kindly relations between the blacks and whites in the South will have the effect to correct it.

Nine-tenths of the trouble in this world between man and man, between section and section, between nation and nation, grows out of misunderstanding. The Northern people have not understood the situation in the South, and hence their stupid meddling. According to the Outlook, the Southern States have done right to exclude ignorant and thriftless negroes from the franchise, and the only complaint that he makes is that ignorant white men are not treated in the same way. But even that complaint would not be if men like Dr. Abbott thoroughly understood the situation here in Virginia. We have opened the doors to all the whites of this generation; we have given them all a day in court, because we believe that the whites ought to be put on a permanent roll, for the reason that the country was but late impoverished by war, for the reason that many men have not had the opportunity to educate themselves, and again for the reason that the white majority of the white men of Virginia, by inheritance and by training, are qualified to vote. It is absurd to compare these men, man for man, with the negroes.

Many negroes have been admitted to the suffrage, and we have no doubt that every one who is fit to vote has been admitted. After this year, however, there will be absolutely no sort of discrimination. We will have a straight-out educational test, and the negro and the white man will stand on the same footing. There will be no discrimination for or against either.

REPUBLICANS AND TARIFF.

The Iowa Republicans are clever enough to see that there is a growing demand throughout the United States for a reform of the tariff. People cannot be fooled by the politicians for long. They know that many of the great manufacturing corporations known as trusts have fattened on tariff levied for their benefit, and they demand at least that there shall be no class legislation for the profit of such organizations.

Recognizing this fact the Iowa Republican convention adopted a platform in which it was declared that "tariff rates

should be just, fair and impartial, equally opposed to foreign control and domestic monopoly, to sectional discrimination and individual favoritism."

That is all right in appearance, but the cloven foot is revealed elsewhere. "We iterate our faith," says the platform in another place, "in the historic principle of protection."

That is the "principle" to which Democracy is uncompromisingly opposed. With the principle of protection once recognized there will undoubtedly be class legislation. No tariff law can be built upon that principle without bestowing special favors upon some classes to the injury of other classes. The only tariff which does not discriminate is the tariff-for-revenue-only, and that is the kind of tariff for which Democracy must stand. If it be true to itself and to the principles upon which the party was founded.

It has been abundantly demonstrated that the manufacturers of this country can sell their goods in foreign lands in competition with the foreign factories. They have learned to manufacture at the lowest possible cost, and with American machinery and American workmen, the best in the world, there is no occasion for a tariff to protect American wares from foreign competition. The whole theory is wrong, and if Democracy does not fight that theory it is not Democracy save in name.

In 1892 the Democratic party went before the people with a straight-out declaration in favor of tariff-for-revenue-only, and it won a magnificent victory. If the party will plant itself upon such a principle next year, other planks in the platform being equally sound, and put forward a man in whom all classes of people have confidence, we verily believe that the victory of 1892 will be repeated.

"PEONAGE," SO CALLED.

What has been maliciously characterized as "the peon system" has been found to exist in a few counties in Alabama and Georgia, and has been seized upon by that portion of the Northern press which is hostile to the South as occasion to raise the outcry that "slavery has been revived in a new form."

The whole South suffers from these misrepresentations and attacks, when the fact is that the violations of law in question are confined to narrow strips of territory, and are sternly reprobated and utterly repudiated by the masses of the people, who might well have been trusted to deal with these criminals in their State courts.

The intervention of the Federal authorities was unfortunate, at least to the extent that it has given rise to the suspicion that politics have more or less to do with the activity of the prosecution.

There is no attempt upon the part of the Southern press to deny or condone the fact that in a limited number of cases in Alabama and Georgia, and perhaps in some adjoining States, bad men have conspired with justices of the peace and constables have perverted the labor contract law and wrongfully exacted of negroes services on account of indebtedness that never existed. Very probably, too, these negroes have been roughly treated. No great degree of leniency could be expected from men who have so violently and flagrantly outraged the law, but we reiterate that neither "the South," nor Alabama, nor Georgia, as a people, is to be held responsible for these crimes, of which the public generally were ignorant until lately, and which they heartily abhor and repudiate and stand ready to punish.

The contract labor law, under which, or rather in violation of which, these crimes were committed, was passed for the protection of landlairs in the cotton-growing belt. The tenants, or "croppers," who rent land from these landlairs, usually enter into a contract for a year, and in order to secure the rigid enforcement of their contracts with their landlords this law was passed. It provides that after the written contract is signed the tenant cannot leave the premises without just excuse, unless with the consent of the landlord, and that he cannot obtain employment of a similar nature from another person without notifying such other person of the existing contract with his landlord.

Under another statute it is provided that if the laborer or renter informs the person of whom he seeks employment of the existing contract, the latter shall incur pains and penalties if he employs him without obtaining the first employer's permission. The laws of the State also provide that many minor crimes may be punished by fines, and that where the prisoner cannot pay the fine he may be hired out to work on his indebtedness. Under this law it is alleged that numbers of farmers and proprietors of industrial works have conspired with officers of the law to trump up charges against negroes.

In the United States Court there have been two or three pleas of guilty entered upon indictments found, and the labor law has been pronounced unconstitutional. A great deficiency in the Alabama laws is that there is no record of these convictions kept either by the State Board of Convict Inspectors or by the Hard Labor Agent of the county, nor is the justice's court a court of record. And so it has been easy for the conspiring officers to cover up their tracks.

In three cases accused persons have pleaded guilty in the United States Court (Judge Jones) and have been sentenced to one year's confinement in the Federal prison at Atlanta. About twenty other persons are under indictment.

Judge Jones is a Democrat, but the District Attorney is a very active Republican, and at one time was identified with the "Lily White" wing of the party in Alabama.

The State courts of Alabama are also active in ferreting out cases where peonage, so called, is practiced, and the determination of the people is that it shall be broken up. The labor contract law having been pronounced unconstitutional by Judge Jones, will become the subject of reconsideration when the Legislature next meets. The probability is that it will be repealed, or at least revised, and put upon a footing which will make it unobjectionable to the objections set forth in Judge Jones' opinion.

In Georgia much prominence has been given the peonage question by a petition filed by a negro woman in the House of

Representatives against an influential member, Mr. McRea. It is alleged against him that he is engaged in practicing the peonage system, and that he and his agents and employees are very cruel to the "peons."

To resume, the good people of Georgia and Alabama are much grieved at the discoveries made in some neighborhoods of some of their counties, and may be fully trusted to apply the remedy to the root of the evil. Meanwhile they should be exempt from the wholesale attacks and unlimited abuse heaped upon them by certain of the Northern press, who by the exercise at home of one-half of the vigilance they have displayed in these cases would find plenty of outrages that ought to be exposed and punished.

A BRAVE SHERIFF.

The proclamation of Sheriff William C. Gill, of Chesterfield county, is entitled to be framed and given a place of honor in the home of every law-abiding citizen of Virginia. It is a frank and manly statement of the situation and a righteous and courageous appeal for law and order. He offers no apology for calling out the troops, as he deems it his duty to do so in the interest of the public peace. He calls upon all good and law-abiding citizens to aid him in preserving law and order, declaring that the law must and shall be enforced at all hazard and without respect to person.

He gives warning that all evil-disposed persons showing resistance to the law will be promptly arrested and prosecuted. He commands all idlers to keep off the streets, and he warns the people against gathering in crowds along the line of the street railway, and forbids all noisy and disorderly conduct.

"I am determined," says he in conclusion, "so far as in my power to maintain the majesty of the law and to preserve the fair name of Chesterfield county from being tarnished by riots and mobs."

All honor to Sheriff Gill! He is an officer who knows his duty, and who has the grit and the grace to discharge it without fear or favor. This proclamation has the sound of a bugle call, and all law-abiding citizens of that vicinity will be thrilled by it and will rally to the support of the sheriff. If we had such officers everywhere in the State of Virginia and at all times, the riotous element would rarely have the boldness to assert themselves, and law and order would almost invariably be maintained. Long live the sheriff of Chesterfield; long life to him as a man and long life to him as a public official and a conservator of the peace!

THE STATE LIBRARY.

In providing a new governing body for the State Library the Constitutional Convention, we think, indicated a desire that the Library should be put upon a better footing and made more useful hereafter than it has been heretofore.

Those who have managed it hitherto have shown ability and devotion, and deserve well of the public, but in the very nature of things they could not adapt the Library to the best modern methods. They were encompassed by conditions and hampered by traditions, which they were powerless to break. We are not blaming or belittling them; by no means.

Mr. W. W. Scott, who has served acceptably a good many years as librarian, and who is a learned and accomplished gentleman, has taken a new position—in charge of the Law Library—and so the office of State Librarian will be vacant so soon as his successor is appointed, say, October 1st. This place the library committee holds should be filled by some one who has been trained in a school established for librarians, and we cannot but believe they are right.

It distresses us to think how disappointed most of the candidates must be, but we firmly believe that the course resolved upon by the committee is the proper one. At a time when the Library is to be started upon a new career, it is of the highest importance that the hand at the helm should be that of an expert; a man up-to-date in the making of catalogues and in all the other work pertaining to a great library. If, in addition to these qualifications, one can be found who is somewhat at home among books relating to Virginia, so much the better.

SWANSON'S CANDIDACY.

Every now and then a "rumor" gets out that Mr. Swanson will not be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor in the next gubernatorial contest. Whence comes such rumors, we know not, but we do know that they are without foundation in fact.

Mr. Swanson has formally and definitely announced his candidacy, and we have but recently been authorized by him to say that he has no thought of changing his mind.

He did not care to declare himself so long in advance of the campaign, but the "rumors" compelled him to speak out. He will surely be a candidate, if he lives, and he hopes that the correspondents and the editors and the public generally will pay no further attention to "rumors of withdrawal." Mr. Swanson is a man of purpose and always knows his own mind. When he makes a public declaration of his intentions, political or otherwise, it can be relied upon.

The health authorities of Baltimore are sagacious and bold enough to announce that they find that the smallpox germ is in that city. While they haven't the slightest fear of an epidemic, they think it is their bounden duty to take all necessary precautions against the disease. Hence a general vaccination has been ordered. The Twenty-fourth Ward vaccine agents are each to devote one solid hour per day from this time onward to the work of vaccination. The work must be done by the agent in person and not by proxy.

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petition is now before Governor Odell, asking him to commute the sentence. He has taken time to consider the request, and to give him opportunity to do so, he has granted them a respite until September 1st. No extension has been offered for the crime of the three men. So far from the Governor says that from their own county there comes a general demand for the infliction of the death penalty.

At Gettysburg on Wednesday there was unveiled a bronze statue to John Burns, who is described as a rugged farmer, whose fighting at Gettysburg was so spirited that it was recognized in the reports of the battle, General Doubleday commenting on his bravery and service. Bret Harte heard the story and embalmed the memory of the old man in verses, which were widely known at one time and are popular at the North to this day.

A jury at Pottsville, Pa., recently returned the following verdict in the case of certain school trustees, charged with extorting money from school teachers: "Not guilty, but pay the costs and be reprimanded by the court."

The savors of the famous verdict—or was it the report of a church committee?—which declared that the defendant was not guilty, but that he must not do so again.

The corners of the county do not expect this Fourth of July to bring them as much business as usual. Within the past twelve months there has been a great deal of legislation hostile to the toy pistol, and parents have become more watchful of their boys' purchases than formerly.

Dr. George H. Powell, of La Crosse, Wis., proposes that burning at the stake be made the legal penalty for crimes against women committed by negroes. It is stated that the Doctor is a civilized Indian. We accept only half of the statement as the truth.

Baltimore's murder mystery is still a mystery. The coroner's jury has rendered a verdict that "J. Mortimer Johnson came to his death from two bullet wounds in his head, and that the evidence is not sufficient to say suicide, and it might be murder."

The trolley car men in New England having become tame, the President is going to try another trip up that way. He will attend the unveiling of a McKinley statue at Adams, Mass., on July 25th.

There are hundreds of patriotic Americans who are praying that Shamrock III. will win, just because they so much admire the gentlemanly pluck of Sir Thomas Lipton.

Some writer has revived the old John Brown controversy, and the St. Louis Globe-Democrat expresses the fear that the subject will not be dropped as easily as it was in 1859.

The removal of Mr. Cleveland to Buzard's Bay has not necessitated any rearrangement of the esteemed Commonwealth's malling gallery.

Unless that cable ship fools us at the last moment we will be on speaking terms with the Philippines to-morrow.

Waterbury, Conn., which has had considerable walking to do of late, is offering Richmond a lot of sympathy.

An alleged scientist announces that the mosquitoes will be very bad this year. Were they ever very good?

Pennsylvania is threatened with a new political machine. We had not heard of the death of Senator Quay.

Richmond seems to be getting ready for more than the usual Fourth of July holiday.

July is making splendid progress in the good work of evening up weather conditions with June.

Screen door hosiery is particularly pleasing to the mosquitoes.

Fourth of July weather is predicted for to-morrow.

DAILY FASHION HINTS.

CHILD'S RUSSIAN DRESS.

New styles appear and disappear, but in the end there is no style that holds so well as the plain Russian blouse. In fact, its charm is in its entire simplicity. The style is equally good for the small boy or girl. If trimming is desired, the hands may be of contrasting color. In the selection of material, broad Holland linen, madras, clove, gingham or percale are well liked for children's apparel.

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CHAPTER XIX.

AT A VILLA IN HAMPSHIRE.

After eight long months.

It had become like a dream now, or like the memory of some terrible vision, which only by slow degrees can fade and die. Yet time will serve to dim the most painful of mental pictures, and the horror of it all, the lurid hue of bloodshed, and the dread terrors of those passing hours of doubt and despair, had lost the poignant vividness of eight long months before.

For Emily Somers, however, though time were eternity, there were memories that could not fade—that of the man whose first promise had been disparaged with a pledge of life itself, whose loyalty and courage in her every hour of peril had been there, of one who could embrace death for her sake, and of whom there now remained only the affecting pathos of farewell words, the hopeless tenderness of eyes triumphant even in the grief of parting when, in those last moments, her rescue having been effected, she had been swept from out his life as if forever.

The sun of a clear June morning lay warm and bright about the charming villa in Hampshire where Lord Somers made his suburban home. Birds were singing in the great elms and beeches, and the soft air wafted through the screened windows of the breakfast room was sweet with the odor of early roses, and the fragrance of climbing honeysuckle near by.

Lady Somers laid aside her napkin preparatory to rising from the table, yet paused to give ear to the appeal of the young man seated opposite—the only one who, looking over the fragrant path, could derive from it a sense of satisfaction and secret triumph.

"Will you intercede for me, my dear aunt?" he was earnestly pleading. "You know my leave of absence has expired. I must leave here to-morrow at the latest. I shall go in despair, dear aunt, unless with some assurance that my love for Emily is not to prove vain. A word from you in my behalf will greatly influence her decision, and I implore you to speak it. Don't you think my devotion to her, and the services I have tried to render, both of you warrant your intercession, Lady Somers?"

She smiled at him across the table. "Frankly, Robert, I do," she said kindly. "You indeed were very devoted and loyal, and on one occasion—"

"And that was but a subterfuge, dear Lady Somers, an only resource!" Vail earnestly protested. "Only by apparent subservience to that villain, Redlaw, could I hope to circumvent him and preserve you."

"I am sure you do not think me a coward."

"Quite the contrary, Robert, dear! Were you not grievously wounded in our defense? What does Emily say to your suit?"

"Vail answered dubiously. "She does not seem to oppose my love, but she will give me no hope of a reciprocal affection. She seems determined still to mourn over that ordinary sailor who—"

"Hush, Robert, dear!" Lady Somers gently interposed. "Do not speak unkindly of the man who, God ever keep him! gave his life for us. You cannot much blame Emily's poor grief."

"Surely not!" he said to her, dear aunt. "Nor do I by any means ignore Walton's services. I admit that he was a brave fellow and worthy a better fate. But at most he was only a common seaman, and Emily should not waste all the rest of her life in mourning vainly for one dead, even though a hero. She is inducing an abnormal melancholy, and at her years there is too much left in life for such a sacrifice. A little persuasion on the part of you and Lord Somers will, I feel sure, lead her to consider my love and to take a more cheerful view of the future."

"Perhaps you are right, Robert," said Lady Somers, leading the way towards the library. "I will speak to Emily of the matter this morning."

"Ah, thank you so very much!" Vail joyously exclaimed, hastening to overtake and kiss her. "Has she been down this morning?"

"Not yet. She has had coffee in her room as usual."

"We must strive to bring her back to her former bright self. Ah, if I could but feel assured of her affection! You must plead my cause with eloquence, dear aunt, won't you?"

He was holding both her hands, standing before her in the quietude of the library, and building new hope upon her sympathetic smile. Why should he suspect the hidden duplicity of which he had been guilty? How could she know that under a manly exterior, there existed the soul of a knave? For he mattered little to Robert Vail if another had died for his sake, and his base sense of triumph had been augmented by what-soever served to swell his own selfish hopes.

"Yes, I will do what you wish, Robert," Lady Somers assented. "Of course," she added, "there can be no doubt of Mr. Walton's death."

"Yes," said he, decidedly. "Why, Ben Logan, even, has given up all hope of the contrary. The poor old seaman mopes about the stable like a cat in a strange garret. I doubt if he long will remain content to eat the horse man's privileges with which you generously have provided him. You will do what I wish? And uncle—do you expect him down this morning?"

"He wired last night that he should come early. The debate in parliament necessitates his remaining in town until after the—hush! here is Emily now!"

They heard her step, and the rustle of her skirts, as she came down the hall stairs. Had not their interest been turned so intently upon her approach, they might have heard also the sound of wheels, as a carriage came up the drive and rounded toward the stable. But this escaped their notice.

The vehicle was a public cab, with one of the curtains drawn. That this was an unusual arrival for Lord Somers was manifest not only in the face of the groom who approached when the cable drove into the stable, but also in the countenance of the grizzled old salt who sat smoking on the grain chest. Yet Lord Somers was the man who stepped down from the opened door, and an erect and typical English gentleman he was.

"You may let the cab stand, Peters," he said, nodding a good morning to the groom, and at the same time waving him away. "Help the cable unblock, and you may give his animal a feed. He presently will have a return passenger. Sit still, my friend, for a moment."

The last was softly addressed to a companion left in the cab, whose identity may easily be surmised; and with a smile about his lips, and an irrepressible brilliancy in his gazer blue eyes, Lord Somers turned nearer Ben Logan.

"Good morning, Logan," he said shortly, with a smile at the seaman's abortive attempt to stow away his pipe. "Keep on smoking, old man! I'll not censure you though you burn the whole stable."

Ben came up from his seat, tugging hard at his scanty neck.

"Thankie, sir, thankie!" he exclaimed,

In some confusion.

"Have you dropped your sea legs yet?"

"I reckon I'll never drop 'em in this world, sir," Ben rejoined, with a thrust of his hands deep down into his pockets, and a sad shake of his gray old head. "Bless 'em, your lordship's pardon, I've been thinking o' late that I'll take up the sea again, and shape the same old course."

"Faulst! absurd!" laughed Lord Somers. "Aren't you well quartered here?"

"Aye, sir, 'tisn't that," Ben hastened to explain. "I've a snug harbor here, thanks to you, sir, and the young lady, bless her blue eyes! But 'twas most for her I came here, sir, and have laid so long on my oars; for she's seemed to me o' the past, and in hopin' along wi' me for some word from the lad who—dash my old eyes, sir! they water easy with years! But I'm not crying, sir! Yet there's a suthin' I don't forget—and can't forget."

"And what may that be, Ben?"

The tender-hearted old seaman drew his sleeve across his tearful eyes, and his voice became husky and shaken. "I can't forget that 'twas Ben Logan who led the lad astray," he answered slowly. "But for me he'd never met the fate he did. I'd not feel so bad, sir, if I could stand by at the last to lend him a hand, or ha' gone down with him! He'd a done better, sir, for—"

"Hush, Ben, hush! I'll not let you do the job. Aye, sir, I think I'll go back to the sea. While there's a bare chance the lad's living, a captive mebbe, I'm not easy here, sir! And if dead, 'fore God, sir, I owe it to the lad to square the yards with him, that man Redlaw!"

"To avenge Walton, do you mean?"

"Aye, sir; that's what I mean!" said Ben simply.

Lord Somers came a step nearer. "But suppose that Walton were living and here," he said gravely, "that he were led to the girl who has been haunting her heart with grief for him—what then, Ben Logan? Would you be content with what life offers you here?"

A change like that born of swift suspicion, or of a hope so sudden and great that the suspense of it could be endured, swept to the old man's face.

"A vast, sir!" he cried hoarsely, impulsively, with eyes searching those of the other. "Fore God, you'd not look and speak like that in jest only! D'ye mean, sir?"

"I mean, Ben Logan, that I was approached last night in London by the man whom—"

"Not by the lad—not Walton!" Ben cried wildly; then, with a sudden roar, he turned and darted towards the open cab. "Not by—O, my God! it's Walton; it's the lad; it's the lad himself!"

There were sobs in the old man's voice, and tears were streaming down his furrowed cheeks; but the flooded eyes, wild with a joy greater than he had ever known, had lighted on the familiar face and sturdy figure of the man, who recognized at once, despite his conventional dress, now was springing down to greet him.

"Aye, Ben, the lad himself!" cried Walton, loudly. "What! what! what! what! what! Clear your headlight, dear old mate, and tip up your flippers! No need now for tears, Ben—dear old Ben! I already know how glad you are to see me."

There were scenes of joy to which words alone cannot do justice, and this was one; for the reunion was for Ben Logan as with one suddenly arisen from the dead. But the details here can have no further record, and though Lord Somers briefly suffered the delay occasioned by the excited seaman's queries and effusions, he presently drew Walton aside.

"There will be time and to spare for you two," he said significantly. "If what you have alleged is true, another desperate and dangerous adventure awaits you. Walton, I repeat, that I have seen him already! Clear your headlight, dear old mate, and tip up your flippers! No need now for tears, Ben—dear old Ben! I already know how glad you are to see me."

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